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VOLUME XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1851. WHOLE NO. 1564.

Original Poetry.

THE ANVIL, PLOUGH AND LOOM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY DAVID L. SLOAT.

To men who on its anvil pour ruddiest rays,
Who wield the hammer's sound,
To men with swift of the mighty pen,
Redeeming the book's proud honor!
But greater far, than either are they of these
In the power of Those in their behoove—
Let the cry gather force to a onward pace,
Hail the Anvil, Plough and Loom!

II.

'Tis brighter than hope on the conqueror's brow,
Heed ye in the battle's tempest,
The glory acquired at Lexon, Anvil and Plough,
By the true hearted children of Toil;
A tribute to Labor—tribute to Worth,
As free as the summer air,
To merit wherever it found on the earth—
A tribute unfading and fair.

III.

Then honor, all honor to those whom we sing,
The sure defence of the land—
From the North to the South let the anthem ring,
To the honest, toiling band.
There lies a morning—the glorious day,
When Fame shall her chaplet throw
With a joyful heart and a cheerful lay,
On the Laborer's sturdy brow!

Augusta, Ga.

Original Novelet.

THE IRON HAND.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER IX.

It was within an hour of daylight when Mrs. Rowland, worn down by her long vigil, fell asleep, and did not wake for two hours. Before her troubled slumber was broken. Then, starting up, she eagerly inquired of her husband, who had already risen, and was walking the floor, if Andrew had yet returned. Mr. Rowland merely shook his head.

Soon after, the servants were summoned, and the family assembled at the table; but one place was vacant.

"Where is Andrew?" asked Mary.

Mr. Rowland was moved by this question, and they saw, by the expression of her parents' faces, that to repeat it would not be agreeable. A few moments afterwards he left the room, and on the steps of a servant were heard moving along the passage towards the door. Mr. and Mrs. Rowland sat looking in bewilderment at each other, when the servant rose down and said that a man wished to see Mr. Rowland.

At this word the latter started up from the table, and left the room. At the street door he found a man, whose appearance indicated his employment to the police of the city.

"Mr. Rowland?" said he, respectfully, yet with the air of a man who had something not very agreeable to communicate.

"That is my name," replied Mr. Rowland, shrinking, but in vain, to maintain an air of composure.

"You are wanted at the Mayor's office," said the gentleman.

"For what purpose?" was inquired.

"Your son is before his Honor, on a charge of attempting to set fire to a row of new buildings last night."

At this intelligence, Mr. Rowland uttered an ejaculation of distress, and, pressing his hand a moment to his head, leaned heavily against the wall.

"Well! What is wanted with me?" asked the unhappy father, recovering himself, after a few moments.

"To go his bail," replied the officer. "The Mayor demands a thousand dollars bail, in default of which, he will have to go to prison and there await his trial."

"Let him go to prison!" said Mr. Rowland, in a severe tone of voice. He was beginning to regain his self-possession.

"No, Andrew!" came firmly from the lips of Mrs. Rowland, who had followed her husband unperceived, to the door, and who had heard the dreadful charge preferred against her son. "Don't say that! Go and save him from the disgrace and wrong that now hangs over his head—and go quickly!"

"Yes, Mr. Rowland," said the officer, "your lady is right. You should not let him go to prison. This will be the first step in a long career, he may be innocent of the crime laid to his charge."

"He must be innocent. My boy has many faults, but he would not be guilty of a crime like this," said Mrs. Rowland. "Oh, Mr. Rowland! go! go quickly and save him from the dreadful consequences. If you do not, I must fly to him. They shall not imprison my poor boy!"

"This is folly, Esther!" returned Mr. Rowland, severely. "He has got himself into trouble, and he must get himself out. Let him be tried, and if not guilty, he will be set free. But I will not be bullied in this manner. Come back and wait for letting him, at least go to prison, and remain there for a few days. By that time he will be glad enough to bail himself."

"I would not advise this," suggested the officer. "Suppose upon it, if his present position is of no avail towards working changes for the better—sending him to prison will harden rather than reform him."

"Andrew!" said Mr. Rowland, with a firmness and decision of tone that revealed a high degree of resolution on her part—"if you do not go his bail, I will find some means to do it myself."

"Father!" said Andrew, who had found a look of stern rebuke upon his wife, but her husband's countenance was full of sternness, and in these, not rebuking or angry, but a spirit that his own heart told him instinctively, it would be folly for him to oppose, he meekly and fearfully said his father.

"I'll go with you," said he, after making a few moments' thinking, in the office at his father.

The stranger brought against Andrew by the watchman, was in attendance, as he was at the buildings in which he found him. Several unfinished houses had been burned of late, and there was some excitement in the public mind thereat. Had it not been for this, Andrew might have escaped with a reprimand, and a few days' confinement in the watch-house, but all probability, of trying circumstances. Unfortunately for him, a few days before, a friend in one of his pockets. The latter, added to his attempt to escape, and the various concurrent circumstances of the testimony, caused the Mayor to hold him to bail in a large amount, and to refuse to admit him to bail.

"Father!" said Andrew, as he found himself a book

The Traveller.

LIFE ON THE WING.

"SELLING" A FELLOW BY ARITHMETICAL PROGRESSION.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

TERMS, &c.

ROSINE ASSOCIATION.

FOREIGN NEWS.

LEAVES FROM SHANNONDALE.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

INCONVENIENT DECISION

All newspapers, sent for a less period than three months, whether sent from the office of publication, or otherwise, will come under the head of transient newspapers, upon which the postage must be prepaid, at the office where mailed.

The above decision is one calculated to conflict considerably with the convenience of both publishers and regular subscribers. Subscribers going on a visit for a month or two, often wish to receive their papers during their absence from home; but under this decision it cannot be done, unless they have the change made for the full period of three months. Again, a person in the country who intends removal at the expiration of a month or so, to another portion, is entirely debarred in the interval from receiving a paper. At least such will be the practical results.

The Post Office Department does not seem to have sufficiently considered the reason of the discrimination between transient and regular papers. In the former case, the papers being sent to those who may not value them—or sometimes at random to persons not in the places to which they are directed—often are not taken out of the office, and of course the Department is a loser by so much postage. Therefore it is enacted that the postage on transient papers shall be prepaid at the office where they are mailed. But in the case of papers sent from the offices of publication to bona-fide subscribers, be it for twelve months to one office, or for two months to one, and ten to another, the case is different. The paper is regularly taken out, and the Department is no loser.

If it be found, upon re-examination, that the above decision cannot be reversed conformably [illegible]

Clippings.

Our Correspondents

PRAIRIE GOSSIP.

BY AUNT ALICE.

New Publications.

Miscellaneous.

INTERESTING DEBATE ON THE DESTRUCTION OF SMALL BIRDS.

MEXICAN CLAIMS.

SINGULAR.

AN AMERICAN IN PRISON.

CORRESPONDENTS.

MORE ANNEXATION.

A PROPER REBUKE.

THE BAY STATE.

THE GREAT FRAUD.

THE NEW COSTUME.

WEBSTER GOING ABROAD.

JEMIMA WILKINSON.

CATTLE MARKETS.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Wit and Humor.

THE WIFE'S NIGHT CAP.

LECTURES ON INDIA.

BY

CALES WRIGHT.

ILLUSTRATED BY ENGRAVINGS.

NUMBER VII.

Here we have a scene in the house of a wealthy native, at the celebration of a festival in honor of Ganesa, the god of wisdom. Ganesa is represented as a very corpulent man, of a red color, with four arms, and the head of a white elephant. In front of him is a rat, upon the back of which he is said to perform his journeys. The men on the right are musicians. For the gratification of the idol, and the multitude of assembled worshippers, a dancing girl is performing. She is clad in garments of the finest texture, and of the most brilliant colors, and is decorated with a profusion of costly ornaments. Her movements are slow and monotonous, and occasionally very indecent, and her songs are plentifully spiced with amorous allusions. After singing and dancing for some hours, her place is supplied, either by others of the same class, or by play-actors, jugglers, or mountebanks; and the performance is thus continued from ten o'clock till sunrise. Many of the dancing girls belong to the temples, and are called the wives of the gods. At an early age they are united in wedlock to the images worshipped in the temples. This strange matrimonial connection is formed in compliance with the wishes of the parents, who believe it to be a highly meritorious act to present a beautiful daughter, in marriage, to a senseless idol, and thus doom her to a life of vice and infamy.—Dancing is deemed so disreputable by the Hindus that none engage in it but the most dissolute and abandoned. Here, as in other countries, there appears to be an intimate connection between dancing and licentiousness.

Miscellaneous.

THE SABBATH EVE.

Sabbath hours! they come and go,
Like the summer streamlets flow,
Bringing to the waste relief,
Beautiful, but oh! too brief;
Sparkling in the golden ray,
Iris colored,—then away!
Yet fertility is seen
Fresher, where the stream hath been.

Sabbath hours! ye come between,
Like an islet's emerald green,
Rising o'er life's stormy sea,
Where its wearied ones may flee:
Catching, from its tide-washed strand,
Visions of their father-land,
Till they deem the soft winds come,
Breathing melodies from home.

May the Sabbath ever be
Harbinger of good to me!
Calling up my soul from earth,—
Fixing it on things of worth.
Swiftly do its sunbeams fly
O'er this changing wintry sky:
And in heaven's sabbatic bowers,
I shall praise Thee for those hours.

The English Women.—Vivian, of the *London Leader*, in a criticism of the Exposition, quits the details of description to expatiate in this wise:

"But, having vainly endeavored to indicate the splendor of this page out of the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, shall I tell you what, next to the building, dazzled and enraptured me? The women! Ye gods, what women!—Firenzuola has left us a treatise, *Della Bellezza delle Donne*, on the beauty of woman, which as it is 'extant and written in very choice Italian,' I refer you to, if you can read it, but for those who would read the 'Italian without a master,' I refer them to their souvenirs of Saturday. It was the last of the exclusive days; the genuine tickets brought with them genuine beauties!—My heart was riddled by shots from eyes in whose lustrous gentleness I saw glimpses of Paradise. Firenzuola would have said there was more than one who diffused as it were around her the perfume of a queen—*gitta quasi un odor di Regina*, while her mouth, dimpled with smiles, was as the fountain of amorous tenderness—*una fontana de tutte le amorose dolcezze*. But why do I go on hammering at my memory for phrases which that Italian let fall from his fluent pen, when it is quite evident that he, not having seen the galaxy of loveliness which lighted up the *Crystal Palace*, could know nothing of the exquisite which female beauty was capable of attaining! Not one lovely woman, but crowds of them. …

NEW TOMB FOR A HORSE.

A Parisian pen proposes the following English event for history:

At the recent races at Ascot, the famous horse Tiberius broke his leg by bounding against one of the posts of the barrier, while preparing for the race. His owner, Lord Millbank, lost ten thousand pounds in bets upon him, besides his value, and others lost heavily—the law of the course being that all lost bets shall be paid, whether the failure to win come from accident or loss speed.

Three days afterwards, Lord Millbank gave a very sumptuous dinner. The most distinguished of the English Peerage were present, and the conviviality ran high. Toward the close, the noble host arose in his place, and proposed to drink to the departed Tiberius. It was clamorously received, but the speaker remained standing, with his glass in his hand.

"We drink to Tiberius," said Lord Millbank, when the shouts subsided, "the most beautiful, the most admirable, the most spirited courser whose hoofs ever trod British turf."

Shouts again rose to the roof.

"You know," continued his Lordship, "the achievement of this horse. His deeds belong to history. Fame has taken charge of his glory.—But it belonged to me—and to you, my lords and gentlemen—to do honor to his mortal remains! I wished that this lofty courser should have a burial worthy of his deservings. He has it. My cook has fitly prepared him, and you have feasted on him to-day. Yes, my lords and gentlemen! this meat which you have relished so keenly—these dishes which excited such inquiry as to what animal could be so delicious—it was Tiberius. My noble courser reposes in your stomachs! May your digestions be light!"

At these words, the enthusiasm counteracted for a moment—possibly with some vague thought of an immediate resurrection—but, with a sudden burst of hurrahs, the idea took the turn of a sublimity, and another glowing bumper sent to join the departed in his metempsychosis.

Greek Sculpture.—The great superiority of the Greeks in the art of sculpture may be ascribed to a variety of causes. The influence of the climate over the body is so striking that it must have fixed the attention of every thinking man who has reflected on the subject. The violent heats of the torrid zone, and the excessive cold of the polar regions, are unfavorable to beauty. It is only in the mild climates of the temperate regions that it appears in its attractive charms. Perhaps no country in the world enjoys a more serene air, less tainted with mists and vapors, or possesses in a higher degree that mild and genial warmth which can unfold and expand the human body into all the symmetry of muscular strength, and all the delicacies of female beauty …

Agricultural.

OKRA

For Housekeepers.

The Riddler.

The Olio.